THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

A SERVICE
IN MEMORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND THE NURSES WHO HAVE DIED IN SERVICE

THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY
MAY 5, 1940
AT 8 P.M.

ORDER OF SERVICE

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all!

Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before him prostrate fall!
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

Opening Sentences and Versicles

Psalm 23. *Dominus regit me.*

THE Lord is my shepherd; * therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture, * and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul, * and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; * for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me in the presence of them that trouble me; * thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 Surely thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; * and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

7 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, * and to the Holy Ghost;

8 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, * world without end. Amen.

The Lesson—Saint Matthew XXV, 31 to 40

Magnificat . . . . . *Martin in G*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, * and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded * the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth * all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me; * and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him * throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm; * he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, * and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; * and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel; * as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, * and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, * world without end. Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE GUILD OF ST BARNABAS

(To be said by all present)

ALMIGHTY God, who calledst thy holy Apostle Barnabas to follow the steps of thy blessed Son in ministering to the sick and suffering; Grant to us the same spirit of consolation, that by gentleness and love, in faithfulness and patience, we may serve thy afflicted children. Support us in our work; endue us with wisdom and skill; give us sympathy for one another; deliver us in temptation, and at last bring us to thy rest and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Let us pray for all absent nurses.

LORD, we pray thee that thy grace may always prevent and follow them; and make them continually to be given to all good works, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Let us pray for the sick and dying.

O SAVIOUR of the world, who by thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us; Save them and help them, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord. *Amen.*

Let us pray for all to whom we have ministered.

REMEMBER them, O Lord, for good, and grant that they may ever remain in thy watchful care. To those whom thou hast healed, give grateful hearts. To those who still are suffering give patience and relief. To those whom thou hast been pleased to take out of this world in thy faith and fear grant eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon them. All these things we ask for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed. Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the Victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia.

Address by

The Bishop

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, unpassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

ADDRESS BY

THE REVEREND PAUL AUSTIN WOLFE, D.D.
Minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church

CLOSING PRAYERS AND BLESSING

TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

This Nurses' Service was originally instituted by St Barnabas' Guild for Nurses, the Reverend L. E. Sunderland Chaplain, on May 17th, 1925. It is now held under the auspices of the New York League of Nursing Education, and the New York County Registered Nurses' Association.